Iron County Register
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, $1.50. Six Months, $0.75.
RATES OF ADVERTISING
Furnished on Application. Special Inducements to Home Patrons.
Address, REGISTER, Ironton, Missouri.

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH. TERMS—$1.50 a Year, In Advance
VOLUME XXXV. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1901. NUMBER 20.

From Tarheeliana.

ASHEVILLE, October 30, 1901.

Well, here I am again, thirty hours out from "The World's Fair, 1903." Landed Sunday, under sunny skies and breathing the vaunted air of the mountains: the air that cures if you're not much sick, and is pleasant and invigorating to good health. This morning I developed about as able-bodied a cold as I have known in a twelvemonth, and my valuable time is about equally divided between sneezing, coughing and expectorating, but I don't expect to rate it seriously (positively unpremeditated), and hope to report myself "as usual" in a day or two.

Just one week ago I bade friends good-bye and started from Ironton and began my lonely journey. Of course it wasn't so lonely that day, nor the next, nor yet the next, but the butt-end of the distance was spent with "no one to love, none to caress"; and yet it wasn't so gloomy as it might have been, for all that. I extracted the possible maximum of enjoyment out of it, and arrived here in excellent health and good spirits.

At my time of life, when the ills of the years begin to make themselves manifest, presaging the end, this parting from friends is no laughing matter. Life, at best, hangs but upon a slender thread, and when that ill-spun, uncertain tie to existence is frazzled, shredded and intwisted by constant contact with legions of untoward surroundings for nearly three-score years, blind is he who sees not the possibility—nay, the probability. The autumn of inanimate nature is beautiful in color and shading and variety; animate, too often there is little to commend it to the sense of sight or feeling. Commiseration and admiration do not readily blend, and an old man is more frequently a regretful momento of the past — with himself as well as his friends.

At Bismarck I fell in with an old-time Irontonian, Olin Ward Rose. He is now secretary of some railway association, and, by virtue of his position, almost constantly "on the go." He was on his return from a meeting of railway men at Jonesboro, Ark., his home being in St. Louis. I was glad to meet him, and enjoyed a long and interesting conversation with him on the way. At the Union Station, as we stepped from the cars, his wife met him with the exclamation, "I knew I would see you first!" and greeted him with a kiss. Now, to me, there is no more lonely thing on earth than a big crowd of people not one of whom I know, and, usually, as we pull under the shed of that great railroad concentration, a feeling of desolation comes over me, which requires for its dissipation the three ameliorations of distress: a well-constructed cocktail, a square meal and a good cigar—particularly the first and the last. Sancho Panza called down heaven's blessings upon the man who invented sleep: if he had lived several hundred years later the mantle of his benison would no doubt have been more comprehensive, with neither Sir Walter Raleigh nor the man of the white apron left a-shivering. When the wife greeted the husband, as noted above, the feeling of loneliness came upon me with increased force; but I sought and found relief.

That night and the next I lodged at the Laclede—the resort of Rubes and others from the Southeast—but with my usual luck saw in the crowded corridors not a man I knew. So I retired early, both nights, and, dreaming, found congenial company.

Thursday I spent most enjoyably with some lady friends—who they were doesn't concern you—who drove me all over and through the West End, including Forest Park and its surroundings. It was with a feeling of regret that I saw the devastation of the pleasure ground so dear, not only to St. Louisans, but to all Missourians, as well, and I doubt whether all the blessings and advantages that are hoped to result from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition can compensate for the destruction of the noble forest. The builders of the Fair are merciless; the giants of primeval growth, some of them three feet in diameter, as well as the smaller tress of later production, are being cut down to make way for the ephemeral city and its thoroughfares. To me it looks almost like sacrilege, and when the World's Fair shall long have passed into memory, there will remain in the heart of every right-minded citizen a keen regret which cannot be satisfied or mollified by the utmost splendor and the grandest success of the Show that was. The man that burns down his dwelling in order to have a big blaze and a good warming, no doubt satisfies his desire; but I am sure he could never gain admission into the Sacred Order of the Wise Men of the East—or of the West, either, for that matter.

Friday morning I was taken out to the Park again, and to the new Washington University grounds. The buildings, now nearing completion, are the grandest I have seen for many a day. I will not attempt to describe them, and could not, if I would. One looks upon them with wonder and pleasure—so massive in structure and extent; so beautifully designed and proportioned.

I was then driven to the residence of Wm. H. Thomson, Esq., having seen more of the elegant residence part of the city than I had theretofore had conception of. At Mr. Thomson's I was welcomed and hospitably entertained, as is the manner of the family. Mr. T. was "down town," but the ladies made it exceedingly pleasant for me until the noon hour, when, in response to a cordial invitation from him, I rode to the Boatmen's Bank and there lunched. In the evening I returned to the residence and dined, in company with nine young people—seven of them ladies. Mrs. Thomson had gone to Arcadia that day, and the husband being booked to follow on the night train, was too busy to dine with us; so I was the only elderly personage at table. It was a light-hearted, jolly company, and I cannot recall a pleasanter hour than ensued to that dinner-call. To me there is nothing more grateful than the presence of young people in the flush of life, with their flow of jest, quip, reportee and "small talk." On such occasion I am a good listener, and I profit by it; for it leaves me newly impressed with the loving-kindness of Him who created a bright world and peopled it with bright spirits. As Tiny Tim would say, "God bless, us, every one!" so I ask, has He not blessed us?

In the evening we all went to the Columbia. The show was all fun, and we saw it from a box procured by the thoughtful head of the house. I, being from the country, and all too much unused to the delights of the stage, enjoyed it, of course; but I think I extracted fully as much pleasure from the bright, happy hearts about me, as from the mimic life behind the footlights.

After a night's good rest, and an early breakfast prepared especially for an heir to the house and myself, I departed, having said "good-bye" the night before to the other members of the family. At the Union Station I again met Barney, who introduced me to the conductor of the train which was to and did carry the fortunes of Cæsar to Louisville on his way to this "Land of the Sky."

At 8 o'clock we pulled out and I bade adieu—or, rather, au revoir, I hope—in earnest to Old Mizzoura. After crossing the bridge, I sought the privilege—at fifty cents per—of the parlor car. When duly seated I noted that there was only one other occupant: a pleasant-faced, intelligent-looking lady of about thirty-five or forty years, according to my guess. She was diligently reading one of the current magazines, but gave a furtive glance at my august personage as I entered. I seated myself on the opposite side from her and two or three chairs to the rear. I pulled out a book and also began reading it. But my thoughts soon wandered far from the text, and I longed for some one to talk to. For a time I interested myself in the fleeting landscape; but the dead level of prairie surface, though highly conducive to agriculture, speedily grows monotonous to him who has no immediate and personal interest in the crops planted or sowed, or matured and ready for garnering. Then I dozed a little, but the day was too early and too bright to induce sleep or excuse it. I looked over to the lady; she had laid her book in her lap and was burnishing her eye-glasses, carelessly the while noting through the car window the swift-moving panorama of field, flood and grove. I saw, among the other packages on the chair next her, the regular feminine lunch-holder, viz: a green pasteboard box—and thereupon argued that she was a long-distance passenger; though, indeed, it needed not this evidence, since your lady of maturer years does not often give up her fifty cents, or any other sum, where she will not get the fullest possible return. Men are not usually so hampered by judgment. Now, the journey from East St. Louis to Louisville begins at 8 A. M. and concludes at 6 P. M. That's ten long hours, without a break, if we except the thirty minutes or so devoted the buffett. Were we—the lady and myself—to sit out all this time like two mummies whose voices had been stilled and whose tongues had been bitumen-dried six thousand years ago? It was a melancholy prospect, and I determined it should not be so, if I could help it. Perhaps, I thought, other wayfarers may enter, and so some masculine relieve my tedium; but, do you know, 'way down in my inner consciousness, I didn't want relief to come in that way? Happily, nobody came, and after an hour I was in desperation ready for the venture and only awaited some excuse—flimsy as the slight mists which sometimes veil our mountain-sides though it be—to address my companion. I was the more emboldened to this, as I saw she had got down to the advertisements in her magazine. And presently the opportunity came, as it always comes to him who watches and waits. We side-tracked to allow the passing of a western-bound train. Opposite our car, about fifty yards distant stood a dwelling of humble proportions and build. On the porch sat a girl of about eighteen diligently sewing; in front of the house a small boy was playing about a hammock constructed of rope and plank. Presently out came an elderly lady of goodly proportions, sweeping. That house-wifely duty finished, she addressed a few words to the young lady, and then returned into the house. I turned to my fair fellow-passenger and, putting aside my inate bashfulness, remarked: "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but" (pointing to the young lady sewing) "there's a sight that always pleases my eyes." She responded graciously and readily, and behold, the ice was instantaneously broken! For convenience and facility of conversation I removed to a chair immediately opposite my companion, and from that time on the way was not long; time was no longer leaden-winged, but lightly skimmed in glee the swiftly passing hours. She informed me that she was going to visit a sister in Louisville, and as our train promised to get in behind-time, after the shades of evening had settled, she was a little anxious as to whether her relative would be at the station on our arrival: some accident might prevent, you know. Further conversation revealed the fact that we had mutual acquaintance in St. Louis. This removed the remaining vestiges of formal restraint, and we became quite friendly ere the journey was ended.

It was nearly seven o'clock when we pulled into the Louisville station, and darkness hovered over the city. The lady's sister was there to receive her, all right, and they shook hands and kissed, of course. After the greeting, my late companion turned to me, reached out her hand and cordially bade me God-speed on my journey. I said, "Good-bye!" knowing that in all human probability it was forever.

But do you know that hand-shake cheered me and made me feel good all evening? Even now the thought of it is pleasureable.

So long until another week!

E. D. A.

Lonely Jacks and Jills.

There are more men and boys in the United States than women and girls. The difference in a population of 76,303,387 exceeds 1,800,000. For every 512 males there are only 488 females in every 1000.

This has always been a conspicuous fact. The numerical superiority of males was especially noticeable in 1850, and more so in 1860. In 1870 there was a slight falling off, but the males soon recovered the lead and maintained it at an even rate.

This preponderance of one sex or the other is of course due to special conditions. Nature's law requires numerical equality.

War and migration are the two influences which affect the census of sex. The great migration of the 40's brought many men to the United States while women were left behind, waiting for a time which often never came. The falling off in 1870 was due to the civil war, which took the men and left the women. Since then immigration has restored the ordinary numerical conditions.

The same law is visible in the States of the Union. In New England women predominate in numbers. Men go West. At the same time girls come in from Canada to work in the factories, adding to the superabundance of women already created by the flight of the men. In Montana, on the other hand, in 1890, 65 percent of the population was male, and it has been as great as 81 per cent. In Minnesota and the Dakotas men compose from 55 to 65 per cent of the population, with a tendency to equalization in recent years.

These inequalities will persist until the country is fully settled and immigration ceases. Then we may look for numerical equality. For every Jack there'll be a Jill.—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

Swift & Co's Pure Raw Bone Meal; 100 pound sacks. Now on hand at Ironton M'f'g Co's Mill.

Arizona's Bid for Statehood

At the coming session of Congress the territory of Arizona will make another determined effort to enter the sisterhood of American states.

Several repeated attempts have been made by Arizona in past years to throw aside her territorial swaddling clothes and put on the coveted regalia of statehood, but each time her efforts have been fruitless. However, it is now more than likely that her dream will be realized in the near future.

Arizona's record of growth may be outlined in figures taken from the census reports, as follows: In 1870 her population was 9,658; in 1880 it was 40,400; in 1990 it was 59,620, and in 1900 it was 122,931. At the present time she is much larger than Wyoming and nearly three times as large as Nevada. Her population is more than sufficient to satisfy the demands of former precedents.

In natural resources Arizona is richly endowed and possesses wonderful possibilities of development. On account of the climatic conditions which prevail in her picturesque mountain area she has become in recent years an unrivaled health resort. With the stimulus of statehood her progress will be pronounced from the start.

If Arizona is admitted into the union she will be the forty-six state. Then propably New Mexico will knock at the door. Wonderful changes are rapidly taking place in the west.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

State Auditor Allen.

If the *Globe-Democrat* had sought among all Missouri's public men for one upon whom its assaults would fall more harmless than another, it could not have found a more fit victim than the present State Auditor. Its repeated and absurd attacks upon him create amusement where they do not evoke contempt. It has turned its batteries upon a public man who has an especial hold upon the people.

His fifteen years as chief clerk in the auditor's office have brought him into more direct familiarity than any other citizen with the state's finances. He knows them as well as he does the alphabet. He is known everywhere as a methodical, painstaking official. Besides he is possessed of a simple honesty in which everyone who know him have implicit faith. The state is fortunate, in view of the attacks upon its credit, in having as its principal official in its financial management a man who has had such long experience in office, who is so familiar with state finances and who has to such unlimited degree the confidence of the people.

No man, be he Republican or Democrat, who knows the State Auditor, would believe him guilty of misrepresentation, or that he has not an intelligent knowledge of the state's affairs. The *Globe-Democrat* does not believe it. Hence what he says about the manner in which the moneys of the state have been handled, will be believed even though the *Globe-Democrat* waste columns of editorial denying it.

The *Globe-Democrat* is driving a nail in its coffin in every paragraph in which it assails him. Besides, it is making itself rediculous.—*State Tribune.*

Truth from the Inside.

Mr. E. C. Ellis, the Missouri Republican who astounded his fellows at the recent Republican spoils-rally in Kansas City by urging them to get out of their typical habit of "making a mad rush for the pie counter," is too candid to be popular with the "outfit."

It is beyond question, of course, that Mr. Ellis told the truth when he asserted that the "outfit" was "about up to the limit of decency and was past the time when it could retain the respect of the people," having forfeited confidence by its pie-grabbing habits.

He was also truthful when he declared that Missouri Republicans "rush to the State Committee meetings and the State conventions solely in order to put some man in the National Committee as the boss dispenser of the pie."

But these truths are exceedingly unpleasant for Missouri Republicans to hear. They are identical with that further truth voiced by a Republican Postmaster General who stigmatized the Republican gang in Missouri as "the —— —— outfit he ever saw." The "outfit" will not soon forgive Mr. Ellis for his plain speaking. They were trembling even before he spoke, for fear that President Roosvelt already knew too much about their equal longing and lack of deserving for pie. They feel now that Ellis has capped the climax. His word-picture of the Missouri Republican rush for the pie counter is so graphic as to be permanently menacing.—*St. Louis Republic.*

$26 in America But $16.50 in England.

Joseph Lawrence, a member of parliament, recently visited the United States and on his return to England made an interesting report to the Newport Chamber of Commerce. The Springfield, (Mass.) *Republican* says Mr. Lawrence told his audience that Charles M. Schwab assured him that the steel trust could deliver steel billets in England for $16.50 per ton, whereas the lowest price for which British manufacturers could make them was $19.00. Mr. Schwab also informed him, Mr. Lawrence said, that, when the trust had completed certain ocean transportation arrangements now pending, the American price would be still lower. In addition to this statement, Mr. Schwab called the attention of Mr. Lawrence to the fact that his steel workers got double the wages paid British workmen in the same line. The steel trust charges Americans from $26.00 to $27.00 a ton. According to Mr. Lawrence the steel trust could, and the inference is that it would, sell steel in England for $16.50 per ton which is about $10.00 less than the trust charges the American consumer and which is also $2.50 per ton less than the English manufacturers charge the English consumer. Such figures as these speak for themselves. They are, however, not a new variety of figures to the American people. It is strange that the people have not long ago awakened to the imposition that has been put upon them.—*The Commoner.*

In a paper published in the south of France is found an amusing account of the early life and exploits of William J. Bryan. The story, it appears, was written by the Paris correspondent of the provincial paper, and is based, so the writer avers, on information furnished by friends of the candidate who have been prominent at the French capital. The western wag, who filled the Frenchman so full of new and startling information, must have smiled to himself as he read in cold print the statement that "M. le Col. Bryan first came into fame as one of the strange, half-savage bands of cowboys, who roamed over the far west fighting the Indians and wild beasts. Imitating, perhaps, the custom of the Indian chiefs, each of ohe cowboys bore a nickname, based on some of his exploits as a hunter or fighter. Thus M. le Col. Bryan's title among his rough, but brave and sturdy comrades, was Silver Bill and Dead Shot. After the treaty of peace was signed with the Indians at Chicago in 1896, Col. Bryan went out of the cattle business and became a bonanza farmer of the west. He can now sit on his back stoop, as the veranda is called in America, and look over his fields of corn stretching farther than the eye can reach in every direction. As a result of his early training on the plains, where he spent months at a time, without an opportunity of talking to another human being, the candidate for President (the article was published in the 1900 campaign) is extremely tacturn, and can hardly be persuaded to express an opinion on the issues of the campaign. He is an author of a book of adventure called "The First Battle," in which some of his encounters with the Indians of the Tammany and other tribes are described at length. In an effort to partially neutralize the strength of M. le Colonel among the cowboys and Indians, who make up the largest part of the voting population west of the Alleghany mountains, the Republicans have nominated one M. le Roosevelt for Vice-President. M. le Roosevelt is one of the leading cowboys of America, and is especially famous for having vanquished a grizzly bear in a single combat. During the present campaign M. le Roosevelt has ridden a series of horses all over the country, giving exhibitions of rough riding, such as were seen in Paris a year ago under the direction of another American statesman."—*Ex.*

For Rent—A 6-room house on corner opposite Hanson's blacksmith shop. Apply to H. Barnhouse.